

Fibber McGee & Molly

SCRAP COLLECTION

Originally broadcast on Tuesday, April 7, 1942

Cast

Harlow Wilcox
Molly McGee
Fibber McGee
Abigail Uppington
Teeny
Mayor LaTrivia
Wallace Wimple

FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY

Wilcox: The Johnson's Wax program with Fibber McGee and Molly!

Music: Theme up, then under for...

Wilcox: The makers of Johnson's Wax and Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat present Fibber McGee and Molly, written by Don Quinn, with songs by the King's Men and music by Billy Mills Orchestra. The show opens with "Great Day."

Music: "Great Day" begins, then after sixteen bars, lowers and plays softly throughout the opening commercial.

Wilcox: I know it's human nature to put things off. But what about that job of cleaning and polishing your car? Have you bought your can of Johnson's Car-Nu, yet? Have you had the thrill of seeing a new car pop right up before your eyes, as if you had rubbed Aladdin's lamp? Maybe that sounds a little exaggerated, but I know you're going to be in for a surprise the first time you use Car-Nu. It's so easy to use for one thing, because it cleans and polishes in one application. Does two jobs at the same time. Car-Nu is a liquid. You massage it gently over the finish and when it dries to a powder you wipe it off! And there stands your car with its almost forgotten show room shine. Now if you want to protect that shine for a longer time and save on your car washings, you add a coat of wax. But first, do that double job of cleaning and polishing with Johnson's Car-Nu. Spelled C-A-R-N-U. It's the easy, labor-saving way to keep up the finish of your car.

Music: "Great Day" up and play to end.

Applause

Wilcox: They say a well-groomed woman gives her tresses a hundred strokes with a hairbrush every night before retiring. It must work, too. Because McGee's horse, Lillian, is simply radiating charm and beauty these days. And here in the garage giving their handsome hay-burner the brush-off in a nice way, we find – Fibber McGee and Molly!

Applause

Molly: Oh, my, my. Doesn't the coat shine beautifully, McGee?

Fibber: It oughta. I got a Charley Horse in my arm from currying her.

Molly: (Laughs)

Fibber: Charley, let me introduce you to Lillian. Lillian, this is Charley. You two horses oughta know each other.

Slight pause, then—

SFX: Horse whinny.

Fibber: Gotta watch that Lillian. You almost missed your cue.

Molly: (Laughs) Isn't she sweet? Look at her wag her tail, McGee. She's happy.

Fibber: In horses, Mrs. McGee, that ain't happiness. That's flies!

SFX: Horse hoofs—prancing

Fibber: Now hold still, ya big corn cruncher. Hey, Molly, haven't we curried her long enough?

Molly: Oh, I think so. And she looks lovely, too. Though a little fat, I'd say.

Fibber: Yep. She's hippy, but happy. (Pause) Hand me a blanket will ya? There's kind of a draft blowin' through here.

Molly: You know, I don't think this blanket is big enough, McGee. Her legs must get awfully cold.

Fibber: Well, what do ya think we oughta do? (Laughs) She'd look awfully silly in long underwear.

Molly: Well, she does need a bigger blanket, though.

Fibber: Ahh.

Molly: Yessss! (Baby talk) Mother's widdle baby gets cold, doesn't she. Wudji, wudji, wudji.

SFX: Horse whinny

Fibber: Ah, quit talking baby talk to her Molly. Next thing you know she'll be wanting me to sit on my lap and listen to The Three Bears. (Correcting himself) ..Her to sit on my lap.

Molly: (Laughs)

Uppington: (Way off) McGee's? Where are you?

Fibber: Who's that?

Molly: It's Mrs. Uppington, I think.

Fibber: Ah, yes. I should have recognized that sweet voice. I hear it in my dreams – every time I eat too much lobster salad.

Molly: Now listen, she isn't so bad, McGee. She's just afflicted with too much money.

Fibber: Ol' doctor McGee could cure that affliction with one rousing game of poker. Whatda ya say we have the...

Uppington: (Still way off) Yooo hooo! Mrs. McGee? Are you there?

Molly: (Shouting) I'm in the garage, Abigail! (Pause) (Quietly to Fibber) Now be nice, dearie.

Fibber: OK. I'll kiss her hand and curtsy. And if the old...

Molly: Oh, hello there Abigail.

Uppington: Oh, how do you do, Mrs. McGee. Hello, Mr. McGee.

Fibber: Hi, Uppy! (To horse) Get away from me ya big ox. I haven't got any sugar.

Uppington: Please, Mr. McGee, I did not come here to...

Molly: He didn't mean you, Abigail. He was talking to Lillian.

Uppington: Oh. Oh, yes.

Fibber: Yes. Have you met Lillian, Uppy? Lillian, dear, this is Mrs. Abigail Uppington. The big splash in the finger bowl set. (Pause) Uppy, shake hands with – I mean – I'd like to have you meet our adopted daughter, Lillian.

Uppington: (Laugh) Oh, Lillian and I have met, Mr McGee and I think she's very, very charming. Oh, I love horses. In fact, I was quite the horsewoman in my day. They used to say I rode like a Centaur.

Fibber: Like a what?

Uppington: A Centaur. That is a mythological figure, Mr. McGee—half man, half horse.

Fibber: Oh, really? Well, which half were...

Molly: McGee!! Now look, Abigail, won't you come in the house and have a cup of tea.

Uppington: Oh, thank you, no my dear. I just stopped by to ask you a favor on behalf of the Wistful Vista Reclamation Committee, of which I am chairwoman.

Fibber: Ah, Uppy, you're such a confirmed chairwoman it's a wonder you won't born with four legs.

Uppington: Oh, thank you, Mr McGee.

Molly: Ah, what is the Reclamation Committee, Abigail, and what are they gonna wreck?

Uppington: Ah, well, we are putting on a campaign Mrs. McGee asking citizens to look through their homes for any material which might be useful to the government in this emergency.

Molly: Ohhh.

Uppington: Old metal, paper, rags – all that sort of thing. Oh, here. Here's a folder about it.

Fibber: OK, Uppy. But I don't think we've got much of that kind of stuff.

Molly: McGee! How about the hall closet?

Fibber: You think there might be something in there?

Molly: I have a sneakin' suspicion that we might find an ounce or two that we might spare. Ah, what will we do with it, Abigail?

Uppington: Oh, just pile it up outside. I shall have our truck call for it at four o'clock.

Fibber: Well, we'll get at it right away, Uppy. We're about through with Lillian, anyway.

Uppington: (Laughs) I must say, you keep her looking very well.

Molly: I tell you, we curry and brush her for two hours everyday, Abigail. See how her coat shines?

Uppington: Oh, yes, there is nothing like it, Mrs. McGee. Personally, I brush my hair at least an hour a day.

Fibber: Well, some horses need more care than others, Uppy.

Uppington: Now please, Mr. McGee, I am not a – well, bye, Mrs. McGee.

SFX: Footsteps going away.

Applause

Fibber: Did I say something wrong?

Molly: Oh, no. You just called her a horse, is all. Nothing to be offended about.

Fibber: She should be offended about that? It's Lillian who oughta be hurt. Hey, Lillian?

SFX: Horse whinny

Fibber: (Baby talk) Ahh, does daddy's widdle baby think that nasty old woman...

Molly: McGee!

Fibber: Huh? Oh. Well, let's get at that closet, Molly.

Applause

Music: Instrumental – "Sometimes I'm Happy"

Applause

Molly: Ya know, this is a very interesting government folder Abigail gave us, McGee.

Fibber: Yah? (Reacts with agreeing sounds to the next lines)

Molly: Listen, it says: In our attics, cellars, backyards and basements are waste materials that can help make ships, tanks, guns and ammunition. Salvage now for victory. (Pause) Well, come on, McGee, let's get busy.

Fibber: OK.

Molly: I'll be glad to get that closet cleaned out.

Fibber: Ya, me, too. OK. Open 'er up.

Molly: No. You open it.

Fibber: No. No. You open it. I opened it the last time.

Molly: Yeah. But you can jump out of the way quicker than I can.

Fibber: Well, OK, here goes,

SFX: Door opens

(Silence)

Molly: Welllll.

Fibber: There, you see. No cause to be alarmed.

SFX: Closet routine—extended.

Fibber: Dad-ratted. Just look at that, will, ya? Well, there oughta be plenty of stuff in here for the government.

Molly: Yes, very. (Pause) Oh! There's an old aluminum coffee pot. We can give that to the government.

Fibber: But that's what I use for my camping trips.

Molly: Well, tap a tree and drink maple syrup. This goes to Uncle Sam. Aluminum is a very important thing.

SFX: Sorting through the junk

Fibber: We better make three piles of this stuff we're saving for the government. Rubber in one, metal in another and paper – hey! Look.

Molly: What?

Fibber: There's my old ukelele.

SFX: A few chords on the uke-flat. Continue through next couple lines.

Fibber: Ah.

Molly: Say, I never knew you had a ukelele.

Fibber: Ah, sure ya did. Remember before we were married how we used to sit in the swing out in your front lawn and I'd play the uke and sing to you? Stuff like "Red Wing" and "Pretty Baby." Eh, eh. "There's Egypt in your Dreamy Eyes." (Pause) What's the matter? Whatcha looking at me like that for?

SFX: Uke chords end

Molly: (Somber) McGee! Give me that ukelele.

Fibber: OK. But it needs to be tuned up.

SFX: Uke being smashed.

Fibber: Hey! Hey! What's the idea? You're bustin' it up, Molly! Haven't ya got any sentiment?

Molly: Not for this.

Fibber: Huh?

Molly: The only swing on a front lawn in our neighborhood belonged to that red-headed Dixon girl down the street and that wasn't Egypt in her dreamy eyes, that was mascara! The hussy!

Fibber: Ohh, mi'gosh. Oh. Oh, well, I never liked her very much anyway.

Molly: Honest?

Fibber: Nah. Her swing squeaked. (Pause)

SFX: Sound of junk being moved through next two lines.

Fibber: Hey, here's your old portable sewing machine, Molly. That's good for 30 pounds of metal.

Molly: Oh—and here's a pile of old magazines.

Fibber: Yeah.

Molly: Well, well, The Police Gazette.

Fibber: Oh, I'll take those, Molly. I was planning on joining the police force once.

Molly: Ya don't say.

Fibber: Yeah.

SFX: Door opens.

Wilcox: (Entering) Well, hello there, folks, what goes on?

Molly: Hello, Mr. Wilcox.

Fibber: Hi, Harlow. We're cleaning out the hall closet. We're sorting out some things the government can salvage.

Molly: Wanna pitch in and see what you can find, Mr. Wilcox? We got everything here but the kitchen – McGee! There it 'tis?

Fibber: What?

Molly: The kitchen sink over in the corner.

SFX: More junk sounds

Fibber: Well, darned if it ain't. That's another 20 pounds of iron.

Wilcox: Well, I'll just go away quietly and leave you two to your memories and old umbrellas. I wouldn't wanna – oh, look at this.

Molly: What are you mooning over that for? Its just an old tin can.

Wilcox: Yes. But an old tin can of what? Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat.

Fibber: But its empty.

Wilcox: That's what I love about it. This empty can means that Molly has been spared hours and hours of housework.

Fibber: Oh, fer...

Wilcox: It means that her kitchen linoleum has been tenderly cared for. That its beauty and luster have been preserved.

Molly: Yes, but that empty can must have been around for years.

Wilcox: Swell. The longer you've been using it, the better I like it. It just goes to show that once a housewife has tried Johnson's Glo-Coat she keeps on because its so easy to use. Saves so much time and effort. Conserves your energy and your property.

Fibber: Hand me my hat, Molly.

Molly: Where ya goin', dearie?

Fibber: No place. I just want to take it off to Mr. Wilcox. There's a guy who can really dramatize a tin can. Break his commercial little heart over a pile of junk. Ha-ha. Boy, what a performance he could put on at the city dump.

Wilcox: (Exiting) You think not? Meet me there tomorrow at 2:30.

SFX: Door slam.

Applause

Molly: I don't believe I've ever known another man who was quite so sold on his job, McGee.

Fibber: Me, either. Ever notice that little bare spot on the back of his head?

Molly: Is he getting bald?

Fibber: No. His hair is just worn off there. He uses a can of Glo-Coat for a pillow. Well, com'on, let's get busy. We ain't made a dent in this stuff yet and – hey! Where're ya going, Molly?

Molly: I'm going to put on an old house dress. This stuff is too dusty to handle. (Exiting) Now you keep busy, dearie, and I'll be back in a minute.

Fibber: OK. (Pause) Boy, what a family can accumulate in a few years.

SFX: Junk being moved around

Fibber: This? What's this? Ash tray from the Sherman Hotel in Chicago. Hmmm. So that's where I stayed during that Legion Convention!

SFX: Doorbell

Fibber: Come in, come in, come in, come in.

SFX: Door opens

Teeny: Hi, mister.

Fibber: Huh? Oh, hi little girl. Come back later now, I'm busy.

SFX: Junk being moved around

Teeny: What'cha doin', mister?

Fibber: I'm cleaning out the closet, sis, and at the same time seein' what I can dig up that might be useful to Uncle Sam.

Teeny: Oh. Hey, is Uncle Sam really our uncle, mister? Hmm? Is he, hmm? Is he?

Fibber: Is he? He certainly is, sis. And nobody ever had a better uncle. Like most relatives he annoys us now and then. We squawk and complain but it don't mean anything. When we get in a jam he's always in there to back us up. When he gets in a mess, we, well we rally around. He's the only rich uncle in the world that his whole family hopes he'll live forever. (Pause) Now, get outta the way, sis, I'm busy.

SFX: Junk being moved around.

Teeny: Aw, looky, mister. Look what I found. Ice skates.

Fibber: Where? Oh, oh them. They used to be my ice skates, sis.

Teeny: Can I have them? Hmm? Can I please? Hmm?

Fibber: Sis, you'd be welcome to them except for three reasons. They won't fit you, and they're so rusty they ain't good for skating anymore. And in the third place, Uncle Sam needs them more than you do. I'm sorry.

Teeny: OK, mister. There's another reason, too?

Fibber: What's that?

Teeny: Hmm?

Fibber: I said, what's that?

Teeny: What's what?

Fibber: The fourth reason you don't want these skates.

Teeny: That's it, I don't want 'em.

Fibber: Then why did ya ask for 'em?

Teeny: Just to see if you'd give 'em to me. I'd rather wait and have a good pair, anyway.

Fibber: Wad'da ya mean, a good pair? These were the most expensive pair I ever won selling Larkin's products door-to-door.

Teeny: I'll betcha they can't be much good, I'll betcha. My daddy said so.

Fibber: Your daddy didn't even know I ever had a pair of skates.

Teeny: Well, he must have. He said they were no good.

Fibber: (Rasing his voice) I don't – (calmer) now let's get this straight, sis. What was your immediate paternal forebear's dumb comment regarding these mill pond moccasins?

Teeny: Say that again?

Fibber: I says, what did your ole man say?

Teeny: He said McGee's the cheapest skate he ever saw. So long, mister.

SFX: Door closes.

Applause

Music: Intro to song, then under for–

Wilcox: The King's Men and "The Village Blacksmith."

Music: Singers

Applause

SFX: Junk being loaded onto truck.

Fibber: (Hugging) Well, the truck is almost loaded, Molly. How much more stuff we got?

Molly: Well, not much. Just the old dress form and your old golf clubs, the magazines and some little stuff.

Fibber: Hey, I wonder if I can't still use those golf clubs.

Molly: What was your score the last time you played?

Fibber: (Pause) (Clearing throat) Well, I guess I don't need 'em anymore. Here's your dress form, Molly.

Molly: Thank you, dearie.

SFX: Junk being loaded onto truck

Fibber: Whew! Boy, what a load-a junk. The truck is way down on its springs now. Hey, where'd that driver go?

Molly: He's out in the garage talkin' to Lillian.

Fibber: Mmm. Wonder he wouldn't stick around and lend a hand. Here's the magazines.

SFX: Junk being loaded onto truck

Molly: Hey, what's this thing, McGee?

Fibber: Huh? That's my old steel helmet from the last war. I bet the government will be glad to get that.

Molly: Well, I don't know, McGee, this helmet's got an awful dent in the top of it.

Fibber: I'll say it has. That helmet saved my life in the last war.

Molly: Ohh? Get hit by a bullet?

Fibber: No. Bumped into a stump. I was crawlin' out of a – ooooooh, look who's comin' – Latrivia.

Molly: Well, lets not get into one of those silly arguments with him, will ya?

Fibber: Oh, come on. Let's do it. Do him good. Hi, Latrivia!

Latrivia: (Entering) Hello, McGee. Good day, Mrs. McGee. What are you doing up in that truck?

Molly: We're just loading some junk into, Mr. Mayor. We just cleaned out the closet.

Latrivia: Well, why doesn't McGee get up in that truck and let you hand him the things?

Fibber: You mind your own business, Latrivia. Molly's the kind of a woman I always like to up to. (Pause) Here, Molly – catch!

SFX: More junk sounds

Latrivia: (Clearing throat) Can I help?

Molly: No thank you, Mr. Mayor. We're nearly through now.

Latrivia: Very well. I just came by to ask you if you subscribe to Liberty Magazine.

Molly: Oh. Yes we do, Mr. Mayor. But if you're working your way through college we'll be glad to...

Latrivia: Ah, hem. I am not working my way through college, Mrs. McGee. I merely wish to tell you that in tomorrow's issue of Liberty there will be a four page article about you and Mr. McGee.

Fibber: Honest, Latrivia?

LaTrivia: As honest as it could be, I suppose, considering it's a family magazine.

Molly: Well, thank you Mr. Mayor. We'll be looking for it. And I might have known you weren't working your way through college.

Latrivia: Well, as a matter of fact, Mrs. McGee, I did work my way through college.

Fibber: Interfere with your college work any, LaTriv?

Latrivia: No. No, not a bit. In fact, I was particularly active in the Glee Club.

Molly: (Aside) Huh–well, here we go again. (Speaking to Latrivia) So, you belonged to a Glee Club, did you Mr. Mayor? That must have been fun.

Latrivia: It was. It was. We had some splendid singers.

Fibber: I suppose they sang on account of being so gleeful.

Latrivia: No. No, because they belonged to the Glee Club. A Glee Club is formed for the purpose of group singing.

Molly: Oh. I always sing I'm happy, too. But I don't have to belong to a club to do it, Mr. Mayor.

Latrivia: I didn't either, Mrs. McGee. I joined the Glee Club because I liked to sing. But a Glee Club is not necessarily gleeful.

Fibber: You mean they were unhappy?

Latrivia: Why should they be unhappy?

Molly: Why shouldn't they be?

LaTrivia: Well, they should be. I mean, no. No, they shouldn't be. (Raising his voice) What has their happiness got to do with it?

Fibber: Now that's a fine attitude, Latrivia. Not to care whether your own club is happy or not. Why when I went to high school...

Latrivia: I am merely trying to explain that the term Glee Club has nothing to do with glee! Is that clear?

Molly: I see what you mean. Like if you belong to the Elks you don't necessarily have to give all of your friends one of your front teeth.

Latrivia: That's exactly what I – ah, no, no. What I'm trying to say is that a college Glee Club is formed of people who like to sing.

Fibber: Certainly. Ya see, Molly, if ya ain't full of glee they won't take you in because...

Latrivia: Whether or not they are full of glee does not matter. All that matters is whether or not you can sing.

Molly: Well, it's the same thing. You can't sing unless you're gleeful.

Fibber: How about Lawrence Tibbet, Molly? He has to sing his concerts whether he's gleeful or not.

Molly: Yeah, but how much does he get?

Fibber: Oh, up in the thousands, I'd guess.

Molly: (Raising her voice) And he's unhappy about that?

Fibber: (They are arguing now) I didn't say he was unhappy.

Molly: But you said distinctly that Mr. Tibbet wasn't happy when he sang and I only...

Fibber: But you said he had to be gleeful...

Molly: No, McGee, I never said he had...

Latrivia: (Quietly) Well, I'll just leave you two good people to argue it out for yourselves. And don't forget the Liberty article. Good Day.

Fibber: So long, Latrivia.

Molly: Goodbye, Mr. Mayor.

Applause

Molly: Now look here, McGee, you said that Lawrence Tibbet was unhappy at receiving thousands of dollars a performance...

Fibber: I never said no such a thing. I only...

Molly: You did, too. You...

Fibber: No, I said that the...

Molly: Yeah, your...

Fibber: (Quieting down) Hey. What are we arguin' about. Latrivia's gone.

Molly: (Laughs) Heavenly days. Caught on our own hook. Well, let's get the rest of this stuff loaded, McGee.

SFX: More junk sounds

Fibber: OK. (Pause) There. Is this all the stuff, Molly? Any more in the closet?

Molly: No, its all out here, McGee. That closet was as empty as a threat to Joe Louis' title.

Fibber: OK

Molly: But Uncle Dennis said...

Fibber: Oh, Uncle Dennis, Uncle Dennis, Uncle Dennis. I get tired of hearin' about that guy. When's he gonna move out?

Molly: Now listen, don't you talk like that about Uncle Dennis. He's never done anything to you.

Fibber: Uh, huh. Except he eats more than Lillian and sleeps more than Rip Van Winkle. He's a regular parachute.

Molly: No. You mean parasite, dearie. A parachute is a big thing that gets full of air and lets ya down easy.

Fibber: That's what I say. Uncle Dennis is a regular parachute. (Pause) Oh, hi Wimple.

Wimple: Oh, hello, Mr. McGee. Hello, Mrs. McGee.

Molly: Hello, Mr. Wimple. We'll be through here in just a minute. Hand me that last little pile of things, McGee.

Fibber: Here ya are. (Grunts)

SFX: More junk being loaded.

Molly: There now, that's all. Help me down, dearie.

Fibber: OK. Grab my hand. That's it.

SFX: Jumping down from the truck, followed by a couple of footsteps.

Wimple: My goodness. What on earth are you folks doing?

Molly: We just cleaned out our hall closet, Mr. Wimple. We're sending a lot of old metal and rubber and paper to the government.

Wimple: Oh, that's splendid, Mrs. McGee. I went down this morning and tried to join the Marines. Sweetie-face went with me to give her consent.

Fibber: Did they take you, Wimp?

Wimple: No. (Giggles slightly.) They said my eyes were too weak and I was anemic and underweight and over age and I wasn't tall enough.

Molly: Well, that's too bad, Mr. Wimple.

Wimple: No. It turned out all right. They accepted Sweetie-face.

Fibber: You mean Sweetie-face is in the Marines, now Wimp?

Wimple: Just as an instructor, Mr. McGee. She's gonna teach them how to box and wrestle and do jujitsu. She demonstrated to them how to disarm an opponent starting with a blow on the neck and knocking all his teeth out.

Molly: Heavenly days, that must have been impressive.

Wimple: Oooh. Indeed it was. (Pause) By the way, can you recommend a good dentist?

Fibber: Go see Doc Coddem, Wimp. Tell him I sent ya. So, Sweetie-face used you as an example of how to treat an enemy, eh?

Wimple: Oh she certainly did, Mr. McGee. And then the recruiting officer asked Sweetie-face if she knew anything about bayonet fighting.

Molly: Heh, heh. And what did she say?

Wimple: I don't know, Mrs. McGee. I jumped out the window. Oh, but look at me, standing here gossiping and you're so busy.

Fibber: Naw, we're all finished, Wimp. Come on in and take a look at the closet now. It's a sight for sore housekeepers.

Molly: (Laughs)

Fibber: We'll show you the closet and then maybe Molly will make us a cup of coffee.

SFX: Footsteps under

Molly: Certainly, boys. But, McGee, I was telling you that Uncle Dennis...

Fibber: Aw, skip Uncle Dennis. Come on in, Wimp.

SFX: More footsteps, then door opens and closes.

Wimple: My, this is such a peaceful house. I wish I lived here. (Pause) Or some place.

Molly: Aww. Well now listen, anytime you want to come for a couple of weeks to heal up, Mr. Wimple, we'll be glad to have ya.

Fibber: Sure we will. Here, take a look at this closet, Wimp. I'm proud of it.

Molly: But, McGee, I told ya Uncle...

Fibber: I – I want Wimple to see the closet. Now look, Wimp...

SFX: Door opens, junk falls out of closet.

Fibber: Well, what in the...

Molly: I'm trying to tell ya, McGee. I've been trying to tell ya all the time. When Uncle Dennis saw that bare closet, he moved all his stuff in there.

Applause

Music: Up, and then under for–

Wilcox: Well, we haven't all got hall closets like the McGee's, but if you're looking for ways in which you can do something right now to help your country, listen carefully. You can turn this spring housecleaning into direct aid for all-out production. By very carefully salvaging from your attic and basement all discarded articles made with rubber or metal, as well as old rags and scrap paper. Rubber and scrap metal are most important. Twenty-nine pounds of old rubber will make a life raft for a Navy plane. Twelve pounds of scrap metal is half the steel needed for a small machine gun. That's important, isn't it? Sort out all discarded tools, old tire chains, batteries, pieces of pipe – anything made of metal that you can't use. Sort out old rubber tires, torn boots or overshoes, hot water bottles, bath mats. Sort out old clothing. Rags of all kinds. Waste paper and cartons. Send them to your local junk collector or give them to a charitable organization that's collecting such material. Remember, rubber and scrap metal are most important, right now. Your government is asking your help. Make this spring housecleaning your special contribution to victory!

Music: Back up, then fade out for–

Molly: Well, I'm glad that job is done. You certainly have worked hard, McGee. I'll say that for ya.

Fibber: I'll say that for me, too.

Molly: Ya look tired, dearie.

Fibber: Yeah.

Molly: Say, why don't you go down to the Elk's gymnasium and get yourself a massage?

Fibber: I can't, Molly. The masseur joined the Army.

Molly: He did?

Fibber: Yes.

Molly: I thought he was way over age.

Fibber: Well, he is, but I guess the government wants any old rubber it can get.

Molly: Oh.

Fibber: Huh?

Molly: I said, oh.

Fibber: Oh. Good night.

Molly: Good night, all.

Applause

Music: Theme up and then under for—

Wilcox: This is Harlow Wilcox speaking for the makers of Johnson Wax finishes for home and industry, inviting you to be with us again next Tuesday night. Good night. This program has come to your from Hollywood. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

Music: Ends quickly.

SFX: NBC Chimes

This Fibber McGee and Molly script was transcribed in March, 2006, by Ted Meland of Apache Junction, Arizona. It is intended ONLY for FREE distribution. Sale of this script, either singly or in sets with other scripts, is prohibited.